

## Home-Dressmaking, By Mme. Judice.

How to Make Over Gowns.

### Masquerade Suits.

Dear Mme. Judice:  
I CLOTHED find two samples. Could I make masquerade suits from them? I would like to use the flowered goods for myself. What disguise could I make from it? Would the purple make a jockey suit for my daughter? Have one and a half yards of black velvet also. Could I use the velvet for the blouse and the purple for the skirt? She is fourteen years old. I am forty years old and have 2 bust and 30 waist. M. A.

### A Black Cheviot Skirt.

Dear Mme. Judice:  
I CLOTHED I have a black cheviot skirt made? I have six yards of goods forty-two inches wide. Have I enough? I am 27 inches at waist, 46 at hips, with 43 inches skirt length. Please tell me how to have a waist made to go with same. I would like a black one, made plain. Mrs. M. G.

You have plenty of material for any of the new style skirts, but as cheviot is rather heavy, particularly for spring

wear, I would suggest a design without plaiting and extra fulness. A good skirt in nine to fifteen gores, flared below the hips, and with machine stitching in the seams will make a serviceable and dressy skirt. Lousine silk, tucked in spaces on the bust and upper sleeve and trimmed with innumerable tiny crocheted silk buttons will go nicely with it.

### A Remodeled Cape.

Dear Mme. Judice:  
H OW can I remodel a plush cape trimmed with braid (which I would like to leave on) into an Eton jacket? I don't think I will have enough for sleeves, as it is not extra large. I am five feet six inches, with 34 bust and 20-inch waist. I. M. T.

Combine your plush with heavy bengaline silk as a sleeve puff and a wide crush girde. Cut your plush in a short Eton, saving enough material for the upper portion of your sleeves, as it will make you narrow across the shoulders unless the sleeve tops are of same material as the body of the garment. Let your girde meet the plush on the jacket and shape into your figure at the waist line. Make fancy puffs on the sleeves at the elbow and have deep cuffs. Add fancy buttons and buckles on your girde and you will have a new coat.

### Fancy Crepe de Chine Waist.



This fancy waist is of violet crepe de chine, with a tuck yoke, full front and cuffs of chiffon in a lighter shade and trimming of ecru lace.

The waist is made over a fitted lining, on which the yoke and front and various parts of the waist are arranged. The sleeves are wide and full above the deep cuffs, but shirred to fit the upper arm snugly. Material for medium size is 8-9 yards 21, 5 yards 27 or 1-3/4 yards 41 inches wide, with 1 yard of chiffon, 1-2 yard of all-over lace and 1-4 yards of applique to make as illustrated. Pattern No. 4647, for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure will be mailed for 10c. Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

## NICE MRS. NAGG By Roy. L. McCardell

She Walks Up Broadway with Mr. Nagg, Who Is a Brute if There Ever Was One!



"KEEP you waiting, did I? Well, I'm only a half hour late. Fifty-seven minutes? Well, what's that? It isn't much over a half hour. And how many weary hours have I waited here for you?"

"I can't help it if it is cold. And I'm sure I meant to be here on time. No, I know you are not saying anything, but I can tell by your expression that you are sorry you asked me to meet you to-day."

"I can go back home again. There's a Harlem car now. Oh, yes; let me go home. Home is the best place for me. You never took me any place yet that you didn't grumble and find fault. If you are ashamed of me, say so. If I am faded and old looking, tell me so. And it's no wonder, after all the worry you have caused me. Bickering and finding fault."

"Just because I wasn't waiting here for you? How could I? I had to see about getting the children off to school, I had to order things at the grocer's, and Mrs. Wrymouth called in and I was asking her advice as to how I should make over that old brown zibeline. I couldn't tell her to go, could I?"

"No, I won't take a cab. Ride in cabs with your other acquaintances. You can never say to me that I encouraged you to waste your money. No, I won't keep quiet. I don't care who is looking at us. I put up with a lot, but the worm will turn, and you began it."

"Why did you ask me to meet you, if you are going to grit your teeth and scowl? A man with no self-restraint and with the temper you have should never have married. No, I don't want to go to a madhouse. You have taken all the pleasure of my coming out from me. And, anyway, we are too late, and it's all your fault."

"All right, have it your own way. Let us walk. Of course, if it was any woman but your wife, you'd ask me to have a cab. You did ask me? Well, how did you ask it? Why didn't you come right out and say you are ashamed to walk up Broadway with me?"

"No, I don't want a bunch of violets. Anyway, how do you know where those Italians get those faded old things for a quarter. Maybe they take them off graves and keep them in their tenements until they sell them."

"You meant a dollar bunch from the florist's here? Don't make me laugh! You didn't mean anything of the kind. Well, have your own way then. Please let me pin them on. How awkward you are. Why did you buy them? I have used for a dollar, and the smell of violets always gives me a headache. I suppose you will throw it up to me that you bought me violets from this on. Oh,

### AN EXPERT.

College Boy (to his best girl)—Katie, I never asked you before, but can you cook?

Katie—I can make the best chocolate fudge you ever tasted.

College Boy—That's enough.—Chicago Tribune.

### HIS WATERLOO.

Friend—I suppose you never encountered a will that you couldn't break.

Great Lawyer—Yes; one.

Friend—And that was—

Great Lawyer—My wife's.—Chicago News.

### SAVING MONEY.

"Oh, no, of course I don't care for bicycling now. I'm going in for golf."

"Indeed? Have you got an outfit?"

"Part of it, I've got the golf stockings I was wearing when I rode the wheel."—Philadelphia Press.

### A BAD FIT.

"I've found exactly the girl I've been looking for, but unfortunately, I can't engage her."

"Why not?"

"She's too large for the servants' bedroom."—Boston Globe.

## "For the Love of a Woman," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

(By permission of George Munro's Sons.)  
Copyright, 1900, by George Munro's Sons.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A Mysterious Arrival.

I WAS in Graden Sea-Wood, a bleak stretch of forest on the edge of the German Ocean that I, Frank Cassilis, came upon the most exciting adventures, the gravest dangers and the supreme happiness of my life.

I was a wanderer—through my own choice a vagabond. Though a college man I had forsaken society, friends and family and passed my days roaming through the country, with horse and tent-wagon, camping wherever I chose and governed by no laws of custom.

It was a wild September day that I pitched my camp in Graden Sea-Wood. This was not my first visit to the place. Years earlier in my student days I had come hither with my classmate, Northmour, who owned land hereabouts. He was master of an old ruined castle some miles inland, but he and I had stayed at a modern and more comfortable little building near the shore. This house had been built by Northmour's eccentric grandfather and was known as the Pavilion on the Links. "Links" in those days signified a stretch of sand dunes which had become covered by turf. Near the pavilion was a large tract of treacherous quicksand forming a hideous gap in the turf and called in the neighborhood "Graden Floe."

Northmour was a silent, morose man of maniacal temper. While I was his guest we had had some petty quarrel and he had sprung at me intent on murder. We had had a fight for life. I overcame him and departed.

All this had happened years earlier and I had neither seen nor heard from him since.

On the night of my second arrival I wandered down to the pavilion. It was locked, dark and deserted.

### THE MYSTERIOUS ARRIVALS.



"HUSH!" SAID HER COMPANION.

It seemed unchanged since last evening, and I had expected it. I scarce knew why, to wear some external signs of habitation. But no; the windows were all closely shuttered, the chimney breathed no smoke and the doors were closely padlocked.

I began to think thieves had really been there.

same place, and it flashed for a moment through my mind that this might be the Red Earl bringing the owner of the pavilion and his guests. But the vessel's head was set the other way.

That evening I returned once more and noted moving lights on the yacht. Northmour and his guests, I was now persuaded, would again come ashore. I was a wild night for boat service, and I felt some alarm mingle with my curiosity as I reflected on the danger of the landing.

Some time before 11, while the tide was still dangerously low, a boat's lantern appeared close in shore, and my attention being thus awakened, I could no longer still far to seaward, and I was admitted to the pavilion by the nurse.

They returned to the beach and passed me a second time with another chest, larger but apparently not so heavy as the first. A third time they made the transit, and on this occasion one of the yachtsmen carried a leather portmanteau and the others a lady's trunk and carriage bag. My curiosity was sharply excited. If a woman were among the guests of Northmour, it would show a change in his habits and his position from his pet theories of life well calculated to fill me with surprise. When I and I dwelt together in the pavilion had been a temple of misogyny. And now one of the detected sex was to be installed under its roof.

While I was thus reflecting, a second lantern drew near me from the beach, was carried by a yachtsman, and I had not yet seen, and who was conducting two other persons to the pavilion. These two persons were unquestionably the guests for whom the house was made ready; and, straining my eye and ear, I set myself to watch them as they passed. One was an unusually tall man, in a travelling hat slouched over his eyes, and a highland cape closely buttoned and turned up so as to conceal his face. You could make out no more of him than that he was, as I have said, unusually tall, and walked feebly with a heavy stoop. By his side, and either clinging to him or giving him support—I could not make out which—was a young, tall, and slender figure of a woman.

When they were just abreast of me, the girl used to remark which was drowned by the noise of the wind. "Hush!" said her companion; and there was something in the tone with which the word was uttered that thrilled and rather shook my spirits. It seemed to breathe from a bosom laden with the deadliest terror: I have never heard another syllable so expressive, and I still hear it again when I am awoken at night and my mind runs upon old times.

One by one, or in groups, the seamen returned to the beach, and the wind brought me the sound of a rough voice crying, "Shove off! Then, after a pause—another lantern drew near. It was Northmour alone.

At that moment he was somewhat paler than by nature; he wore a heavy frown; his lips were worked, and he looked sharply round him as he walked, like a man besieged with apprehensions. And yet I thought he had a look of triumph underlying all, as though he had already done much, and was near the end of an achievement.

Not suddenly to my feet and stepped forward. "Northmour!" said I. I have never had so shocking a surprise in all my days. He leaped on me without a word; something shone in his hand; and he struck my heart with a dagger. At the same moment I knocked him head over heels. Whether it was my quickness or his own uncertainty I know not, but the blade only grazed my shoulder, while the hit and the blow struck me violently on the mouth.

I fled, but not far. I had often and often observed the capabilities of the sand-hills for protracted ambush or stealthy advances and retreats, and not ten yards from the scene of the scuffle, I plumped down again upon the grass.

The lantern had fallen and gone out. But what was my astonishment to see the Northmour slip at, bound into the pavilion and beat him back the door behind him with a clang of iron!

He had not pursued me. He had run away! I could scarce believe my reason never had so shocking a surprise in all my days. He leaped on me without a word; something shone in his hand; and he struck my heart with a dagger. At the same moment I knocked him head over heels. Whether it was my quickness or his own uncertainty I know not, but the blade only grazed my shoulder, while the hit and the blow struck me violently on the mouth.

I fled, but not far. I had often and often observed the capabilities of the sand-hills for protracted ambush or stealthy advances and retreats, and not ten yards from the scene of the scuffle, I plumped down again upon the grass.

Here was a mystery that promised to be worth the solving. (To Be Continued.)

## Prizes for Stories of Real Proposals.

Ways of Popping the Question.

THE EVENING WORLD offers A PRIZE OF \$10 for the best story of an actual marriage proposal furnished for publication by the man who made it.

A PRIZE OF \$10 is offered for a woman's account of the most inviting proposal of marriage that she has actually received.

A PRIZE OF \$5 for the account of the most romantic situation under which a proposal of marriage was really made, told by either party.

Send letters, not over 150 words in length and written on one side of the paper only, to Margaret Hubbard Ayer, Evening World.



Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

### A Brave Sweetheart.

Dear Miss Ayer:  
I HAD promised to call at 8 o'clock one Sunday evening. A terrible thunderstorm prevented me from keeping my appointment. A half hour later the storm still raged. Just then the bell rang. I opened the door. There stood Fannie, wet to the skin. As she was about to speak I said, "Well, Fannie, you're a girl worth having! Will you?" "Yes," said she. I had been about to say, "Will you come into the kitchen and dry your waist?" It was eighteen years ago and we're happy yet. L. E. M.

### The Kitchen Apron Did It.

Dear Miss Ayer:  
ON Saturday afternoon a gentleman friend of mine called to spend the afternoon. It so happened that he arrived before the expected time, and when the bell rang I went to the door with my kitchen apron on. He looked surprised, so I remarked later: "Well, how do you like the way I look in my kitchen apron?" He said, "I like you so well that I should love to see you in it every morning before I go to business and every evening when I come home. Will you say 'yes'?" The question came as a surprise, but I did say "yes," and am pleased to state it was the most fortunate moment of my life, in my estimation. KATHLEEN.

### Always Her Lover.

Dear Miss Ayer:  
ON proposal I had was in a foreign country from an American like myself who was taking a trip around the world. On ship board a gentleman came and asked me if I played checkers. The next day he came with a checkerboard, and when playing he asked me

to be his wife. He said that I could have all that money would buy. I told him that I had formed no attachment, and that was everything to me. I came home, and when the right one proposed there was not much to say, for there was congeniality on both sides. His idea was that a wife should always be kind and that a husband should always be a lover. He was one of nature's noblemen, and that was a most inviting proposal. I accepted and we made no mistake. Mrs. S. Peckskill, N. Y.

### Propose by Letter.

Dear Miss Ayer:  
MY husband did not have the courage to propose to me personally, so he sent me the following letter: "My Dear: For some time past I have been trying to muster courage to have a serious talk with you, but somehow or other you always manage to prevent it. I really don't know whether the fault is mine or yours. Be that as it may, I have determined to believe my mind by a letter. Whether you tear it up in disgust or preserve it as a memento for the future will not alter the degrees of fate. Dearest, I am in love, and you are the girl who has taken my heart captive. I know you will smile when you read this ridiculous confession, but it is, nevertheless, true. I am a poor fellow, and you are the most generous of your sex, will pardon me for the abrupt manner in which I have disclosed my secret. When we meet again, on Sunday evening, I shall hope for much consideration from you, trusting that you will look upon me as an accepted aspirant. Meantime, dearest, I remain, faithfully yours, A HAPPY WIFE."

**Service—**  
the  
**Most Helpful**  
is  
**Telephone Service**  
NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY  
15 Day Street

**Scherer**  
FOTOGRAFER  
Perhaps you never had an occasion to have  
**Really Artistic Photos**  
taken. Some day when you want them think of our three well equipped studios.  
Imperial Folder Platinum Photographs, \$5.00 per dozen. This is the most up-to-date style and finish. No better photos can be had anywhere at any price.

**STUDIOS:**  
NEW YORK: 22 West 23d St.  
BROOKLYN: 489 Fulton St.  
1162 Broadway, Near 27th St.

**Amusements.**  
NEW EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway & 42nd St. Augustus Thomas' "The Other Girl"  
HERALD 80, Theatre, 35th St. & B'way. 12TH TIME "THE FOUNTAIN OF FUN"  
THE GIRL FROM KAY'S (10 Song Hits) with SAM BERNARD  
CRITERION, Theatre, B'way & 44th St. ELEANOR ROBSON, MARY ANN SAVOY THEATRE, Broadway & 34th St. Kyrle Bellew, RAYFLESH, the Amateur Crackman  
GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & Broadway. ANN RUSSELL, Wm. PARLING.  
NEW LYCEUM, 14th St. & Broadway. Wm. Gillette in "THE CRICKETER."  
GARDEN THEATRE, 27th St. & Mad. Av. SUE BARTON, 8th St. Mad. Wed. & Sat. POLICHINELE with THOMPSON  
HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St. & B'way. Robert Edson, FOLLY.  
DALY'S, 4th St. & Broadway. Comedy with Music.  
AMERICAN, Eve. 8.30, Mat. Wed. & Sat. Quincy Adams Sawyer, Friday night, Feb. 19, BOOK SOUVENIR.  
MAJESTIC, Broadway & 34th St. 12TH TIME, 180th St. Broadway. SOUVENIR special Matinee Monday Feb. 22.  
BABES IN TOYLAND  
BELASCO 2, 2nd St. & B'way. CROSMAN, Sweet Kitty Bellairs.  
3RD 33, WEALTH & POVERTY

**Amusements.**  
PROCTOR'S To-day, 25c., 50c. To-night, Res. 75c. CONTINUOUS VAUDEVILLE. 230 1/2 ST. CHAMPAGNE and OYSTERS. 5th Ave. Big Continuous Vaudeville.  
58th St. "Across the Pacific" Harry Blane. Mat. Mon. Wed. Thurs. & Sat.  
125th St. "Lady Windermere's Fan." Big Vaudeville Twice Daily. LASKY'S SEATING ON SALE IN ADVANCE BOX OFFICE OPEN 9.30 A.M. TO 10.30 P.M.  
Bijou Theatre 30th St. & B'way. MR. H. B. RILEY, has the honor to announce that he has completed arrangements for the appearance during the remainder of the season of  
Century Players, SYDNEY ROSENFELD. OPENING SAT. EVE. FEB. 20. "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." In Repertoire. Opening Bill a Poetic Allegory, followed by Shakespeare's "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." PRICES: 50c., 75c., 1.00, 1.50, BOXES 10.00. New York's Brightest and Best Performance. BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN.  
WALLACK'S 14th St. & Broadway. Eve. 8.30. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2.10. GEO. ADAMS' Quaint Comedy—THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN  
Extra Matinee Washington's Birthday.  
HURTIG & SEAMON'S 14th St. & Broadway. Last 2 Weeks. MATINEE DAILY. WEST 14TH STREET. J. S. RILEY, JAMES H. HARRIS, J. H. CULLEN, SAILOR & BARBERETTA.  
PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS. 20 & 30 CENT. J. S. RILEY, JAMES H. HARRIS, J. H. CULLEN, SAILOR & BARBERETTA.  
MURRAY HILL, 42nd St. Henry V. Dornally Street. WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE.  
BROADWAY 41st & Broadway. Eve. 8.15. Last Mat. Wed. & Sat. MEDAL AND MAID. James T. Powers.  
NEW AMSTERDAM Theatre, B'way, 42nd St. Eve. 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. MOTHER GOOSE.  
NEW YORK B'way. 44th-45th Sts. Eve. 8.15. CHANCEY OLCOTT. TERENCE.  
PRICES: GOOD RESERVED SEATS, 75c. NO HIGHER.  
CIRCLE TILLEY, 41st-42nd Sts. LADIES MAT. DAILY. 14TH STREET THEATRE, near B'way. Mat. Wed. & Sat. LAST WEEK 50c. Geo. Honey Evans and 90 other in SUMMER TIME. Next Wed. Extra Mat. Monday. NAT. M. WILL.  
THE (Ladies' Mat. To-Day) GOTHAM. Wor. D. Reaters.  
125th St. & 3d Av. JAS. JEFFERIE appears at 41.  
THE (Ladies' Mat. To-Day) DEWEY. GAY MORNING GLORES. E. 14TH ST. (BURLESQUE-NOVELTIES).  
GRAND CHINESE HONEYMOON. Hammerstein's "Theatre of Varieties." VICTORIA. 75c. 1.00 Daily Mat. 50c. European and American VAUDEVILLE.  
KEITH'S 14th St. BEST SHOW IN N.Y. 14th St. Prices: 25c. and 50c.  
Manhattan VIRGINIAN. 14th St. & Broadway. Eve. 8.15. Mat. Sunday. 2.15. Opera. Wm. FAVERSHAM LORD AND HOUSE.  
Brooklyn Amusements. COL. S. MONTAUK. THE FAIR. MR. LAWRENCE. D'ORSAY. PAWLUCKET.